

# Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. XIV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARK, ME., FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1883.

NO. 3.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. It is the only one that can be used in all climates, and is the only one that is not adulterated with alum or any other substance.

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## SIBERIAN EXILES.

Mr. George Keenan Corrects Many False Statements of Cruelty and Wrong.

Mr. George Keenan, in a lecture on Siberia, said that if the United States and every country in Europe, except Russia, were put into Siberia there would still remain 1,000,000 square miles uncovered, and that a broad belt of land extending from the southern part of Russia to the north would be left. The idea that exile life in Siberia is one of suffering in dungeons, and that political agitators suffer untold miseries in mines, is all a mistake. "In the beginning sent out its prisoners to Siberia in order to settle the country. Good homes were provided and farming utensils given to the exiles, and such is the case to-day. There are two divisions in the exiles, the first of which I will designate as convicts, and the second as political prisoners. The first class work in the western part of the fertile tract I have alluded to. There are no mines in the western part of Siberia. The only convicts who work in Siberia are men who, having committed the same crime in America, would either have been hanged or banished for life. The second have farms which they cultivate for themselves in the eastern part of the country. The inhabitants are descendants of exiles, who were banished long ago for very small offenses. The number of political prisoners is very small. From 1867 to 1872 64,225 people were sent to Siberia; 5,000 were sentenced to hard labor, and the rest were only banished. There are annually about 443 political offenders transported, two-thirds of these are nobles and one-third of the other classes. So this proves that nihilism is not a popular uprising against the Russian Government. Tomsk and Omsk are two of the wealthiest places in Siberia, and most of the political prisoners are sent there. Omsk has 20,000 inhabitants, 452 merchants, a public library, a boys' military school and a girls' school. I visited one of the political exiles, who is a photographer. He had made money there. He was living in a fashionable house, adorned with pictures and works of art. He spoke bitterly against the practice of transporting prisoners, but he said that there have been crimes committed in Siberian prisons, but crimes as bad have occurred in our own land. Transportation there is a great and growing evil to society. The practice is, however, very wise. I think that the custom of transporting prisoners will be stopped in a very few years or greatly modified."

H. H. HOLT, Editor.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Norway, Me.

Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

H. H. HOLT, Editor.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Norway, Me.

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CHALES F. WHITMAN.

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Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

JOHN A. ROBERTS.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Norway, Me.

Office opposite H. Cole's Jewelry Store.

WILSON & GREENLEAF.

Attorneys at Law, Norway, Me.

Office at the corner of Main and Commercial Streets.

G. A. WILSON, A. GREENLEAF.

Physician and Surgeon, Norway, Me.

Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.

Homeopathist, Norway, Me.

Residence and office opposite Grange Building, Main Street. Office hours, 9 to 10 a.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

FRANK H. WILSON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Norway, Me.

Office and residence on Cottage Street. Office hours, 12 m. to 2 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

C. L. PIERCE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Norway, Me.

Residence and Office at Dr. Bradbury's late stand, Main Street.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Norway, Me.

Residence at Dr. Jones' Office in Hathaway Block.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK.

Main Street, Norway, Me.

Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.

ROBERT WOOD, Pres't. H. M. BEARCE, Treas'r.

J. T. ROWE.

New Hair Dressing Rooms, Norway, Me.

Clean Shave and Stylish Cut. Main St.

GET YOUR MILK DAILY.

Good Milk and Honest Measure. In want of milk, speak to the driver.

ELM HOUSE.

W. W. WHITMARSH, PROPRIETOR, Norway, Me.

Good Stable connected with the house.

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## Bennett's Affection for His Pressmen.

James Gordon Bennett's recent flying visit was characteristic of his restless latter-day life. It is impossible for him to remain long in one place. Upon his recent trip he appeared in much better health than usual. One hour after the vessel reported he was down in the Herald office.

It was night, and the place was as busy as a beehive. He went about shaking hands but saying very little. He seems to have a peculiarly kind side to the pressmen, and when he gets down among them he lingers a little longer than usual looking at his employees. The latter fellows who handle the presses have a hearty way about them which attests their loyalty and good feeling, and the atmosphere is not redolent with cynicism as it is higher up and the men don't cringe before him, and they don't fear his ink-stained hands, give a hearty shake, smoke with him and say in an off-hand way what they mean, and are not afraid to speak. If young Jim says bounce, why bounce it is, and that is all they know about it, and they don't care over much, and it is probably for this reason that young Jim sits on a roll of paper and admiringly watches these lusty fellows and doesn't say "bounce." On the contrary, if he comes down—as they say, "loaded"—he empties his pockets.

He gave every man in the room \$10 each recently, and when his money gave out, he tore pieces of paper off a roll of printing paper and wrote orders on the cashier for \$10 for each of those who didn't get bills. He made a speech to the boys some time ago, telling them that he was not with them often, but that he was in constant communication with the office, and he wanted them to understand that he was always "at home" when they had any call to make. His words were remembered, and the pressmen some time later held a meeting and resolved to ask for \$100 a year more salary.

The manager wouldn't hear to it, but when he was told what the young man had said in his speech he said that he would forward the request by cable. Before many hours had elapsed there came back from Turkey an answer containing the word "Granted," and there is now no such hero to the pressmen as "Young Jim."

## Boots and Buyers in Maine.

A few frosty mornings and a little mud have co-operated in starting a demand for cowhide boots, which have played such an entertaining role in Maine politics for three or four years. The fact is, the shoe dealers are now in a predicament. They have a pair of boots called "kip," whether it came from heifer, cow, or bull. A boot which would be called cowhide in old-fashioned parlance sells at \$2.50 to \$3 by pair. This is a good pair of kip boots, hand-made, may be bought for \$2.50 a pair. Split-leather boots sell for \$3. The rural trade demands a hand-made boot, and the result is that most manufacturers stamp their boots "Made by hand." When a man buys a pair of kip boots in the fall he expects to get something which will "wear him" till after planting in the spring and through the early plowing next fall. He is generally anxious to know whether they are "kick-proof" or not. If they are made of "Southern hides or slaughter hides." To clinch a trade the dealer has to usually "throw in" a set of heel irons. Lumbermen and woodchoppers have adopted wool boots and gunnysack shoes, and the latter are now in the market. The boots and rubbers cost \$3 a pair this year—50 cents advance of last year's price. Very few moccasins are now used in New England.—*Leviathan Journal.*

## Keep Clear of Paint-Work.

It was related of the First Lieutenant, afterward Commodore Thomas W. Wyman, that when the Delaware was thrown on her broadside, with difficult climbing he succeeded in getting to the top of the mast, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft, was: "Keep clear of the paint-work!" The command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lower part of the ship, and the order was instantly stored them to order, they naturally feeling that if at such a time, with a line-of-battle ship on her "beam-ends," such paint-work was of paramount importance, their position could not be a serious one. This unexpected exhibition of sang-froid on the part of Lieut. Wyman, preventing any liability of a panic at a time of imminent peril, where a huge ship of the line was held upon her side by a furious wind, gave forth such a display of righting, deserves to be recorded and handed down to coming generations as an example worthy of imitation by all seamen when suddenly overwhelmed by extraordinary danger.

## Driving the Car.

At the New England dinner in Brooklyn, N. Y., Wm. M. Everts told the following story. He was a poor lad living some twelve or fifteen miles from Utica, and he used to trudge in, when he had occasion, and it was a long tramp. A benevolent gentleman riding alone in his sleigh invited him to ride, and the boy of fifteen had great satisfaction in accepting the invitation. Familiar himself with the management of horses and the driving of sleighs, it struck him that this old gentleman did not get along with his team as well as he might, and after a while he suggested to him that if he were assigned he would relieve him and drive into Utica. "Young man," said his mentor, "there is one lesson that you might as well learn early in life as it will save you a great deal of trouble, and that is, that a permission to ride is not an invitation to drive." And now, in the last structure of the Civil Government of this great Nation, it should be understood that a permission to ride in the Custom House or in the Post Office at the public expense is not an invitation to drive the car of the Government or steer the ship of State.

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

THE MILWAUKEE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER STILL MISSING.

Twelve Thousand Dollars Received by the Bereaved Parents, but no Clue Yet Discovers Where the Girl Has Gone.

A letter from Milwaukee, Wis., says: The abduction of little Maggie, the twelve-year-old daughter of Casper H. Hennecke, a leading millionaire manufacturer of this city, six weeks ago, created a still increasing and profound sensation in the Northwest, and the peculiar circumstances in connection with the case render it one of unusual general interest. The Hennecke family may stand high socially, and the father of the missing girl is worth considerably over a million dollars. So far there has not been a single clue found to the "lost child," and the matter is shrouded in the deepest mystery.

Soon after the mysterious disappearance of little Maggie, the recovery of her child, many of the best detectives in the country have worked on the case, but all have abandoned it finally. If the child has been abducted, it is mystifying to know for what purpose, as she is only twelve years of age, and completely ignorant of the world. Many think the girl was abducted and taken in a wood vessel to the pine woods in the northern part of the State. Insatiation of this theory the hat of Maggie was found in the woods near the River, from where the wood vessels generally start. This was about 2 o'clock. Two ladies who knew the child think they saw her wandering aimlessly around several blocks from the school, about 3 o'clock. That was the last seen of her.

A suspicious-looking party was seen hanging around the school about noon, and the general theory is that this man stole the child. Some people were inclined to think the child was kidnapped, and was either accidentally drowned or committed suicide. But the lake has been dragged alongshore for many miles and for many miles out, but no trace of the body has ever been obtained.

Casper Hennecke has searched the lake, but all to no avail. The wind nearly always blows toward the shore, and the body, if in the water, would long ago have been found or else drifted ashore. Although the child disappeared on the 28th of October, nearly two months ago, the case excites more interest than on the day the mysterious disappearance was reported.

The child was unusually bright and attractive, the part of a large and happy family and was unusually large for her age, but a little over twelve years. She attended a select school in the very heart of the city and was well advanced in her studies for her years. The child was always taken to and from the school in the family carriage, and on the day when Maggie disappeared she was taken after dinner to the school as usual, but was observed lingering in the yard after all the children had gone into the building, and the supposition is that the lake was lost while smuggling the child to the vessel. This is really the only trace, the finding of the hat, of the missing girl yet obtained, and it is so important that the child's whereabouts can be obtained from it. Last week a great sensation was created by the arrest of four men in Nebraska who were thought to be the abductors of the girl. A deputy sheriff made a grave blunder, however, in not releasing the men, but putting them in jail, and they were never in Milwaukee.

The grief of the family over the loss of the child is really heartrending, and it is feared the mother will become insane. The father has spent thousands of dollars in trying to find the child. The child was always taken to and from the school in the family carriage, and on the day when Maggie disappeared she was taken after dinner to the school as usual, but was observed lingering in the yard after all the children had gone into the building, and the supposition is that the lake was lost while smuggling the child to the vessel. This is really the only trace, the finding of the hat, of the missing girl yet obtained, and it is so important that the child's whereabouts can be obtained from it. Last week a great sensation was created by the arrest of four men in Nebraska who were thought to be the abductors of the girl. A deputy sheriff made a grave blunder, however, in not releasing the men, but putting them in jail, and they were never in Milwaukee.

The cost of amusements. There are 40,000 people in this country who are wage-workers and whose toll by day and night, outside of enriching about 4,500 other individuals, is meant only to fill the rest of mankind with delight, and represents no result but a waste of time and energy. Yet, according to an article published in a New York dramatic paper, the work of this small army calls for the payment of at least \$32,000,000 annually salaries, and they labor through but forty weeks in each year, and during this time their efforts bring millions of dollars to the pockets of the gentlemen who employ them. The New York paper already referred to has the following account of this subject:

## A Curious Calculation.

Did you ever think, asks a Paris paper, how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? First, it is necessary to know how many fathers and mothers there should have been to produce you. It makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and mother—that makes four human beings. Each of those four must have had a father and mother—that makes eight human beings. And so we must go back for fifty-six generations, which brings us only to the time of Jesus Christ. The calculation thus resulting shows that 139,245,017,483,594,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into the world—you who read these lines. But remember we are only taking the case of yourself—one human being—and there 1,000,000,000 of human beings in the world with the same history. The calculation is carried back to the beginning of the world. How monstrous the calculation becomes if we carry it back 6,000 years! How ghastly it becomes if we push it back 250,000 years, which is the date of the human race! Just count three generations to a century, or thirty to every 1,000 years, and reckon up the history of one individual. Imagine the number of births necessary to bring into existence one member of the 7,000th generation!

## A TERRIBLE RESPONSIBILITY.

The Man Who Carried the Money for Uncle Sam.

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"A guide published last year gives a total of about 4,500 theatres that kept open their doors for an average of forty weeks. Taking the poor attraction with the star that fills the theatre, the average receipts would be about \$150 for each theatre, or \$675,000 paid every night for amusement throughout the United States. This would make a total for one week of \$4,500,000, or for the entire season of forty weeks \$180,000,000, not counting matinees. Taking, then, an industry that brings in over \$180,000,000 in round numbers during the season, the neatly dressed men that are said to 'hang around the squares' of Union squares, New York, are the men that control or pull the wires and set the machinery in motion. These figures are, after all, but approximate, and neither include matinees, which in themselves would count \$1,000,000, nor the thousands of theatres which are not represented on the Bialbo."

## Milwaukee's Fat Blacksmith.

Jacob Herzer, the largest man in the city, says a Milwaukee paper, who weighed four hundred and eighty-six pounds shortly before his death, was buried at Forest Home Cemetery. Herzer lived on the west side, and died early in the morning. He became so fleshy that he literally choked to death. The largest coffin in the city was procured, but it was too small, and the remains had to be placed in a large, hastily-constructed box. The body further set in, and the coffin was too small to be removed from his late residence to the cemetery a few hours after death. Herzer was only twenty-eight years of age. When he was sixteen years old he was very slender, and it was feared he would become a consumptive. He was a blacksmith by trade, and was so large that he had to be taken to his work in an express wagon for several months previous to his illness. For some time he could not be down to sleep for fear of smothering, and would sleep sitting on a chair or sofa with his head resting on his bed.

## Some Washington Society.

A letter in the Boston Advertiser says: There is a social element in Washington which is suprem



# OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1883.

F. W. SANBORN, Proprietor.

TERMS: \$2.50 per year. When paid in advance. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance. Correspondence solicited on all subjects of local interest. Advertisers, Executors and Guardians desiring to publish advertising notices in the Advertiser, will please call at the office.

Advertising Rates.—One inch, one week, 35 cents; one inch, one month, \$1.00; one inch, three months, \$2.50; one inch, six months, \$4.50; one inch, one year, \$8.00. For each additional line, one-half the above rates. Legal notices inserted at the usual rates.

Address: Advertiser, Norway, Me.

Hon. H. L. Kimball has accepted the management of the Pullman Car Manufacturing of Pullman, Ills.

The Bangor Commercial in speaking of it is strong in local news, but does not go a cent's worth on politics.

Deputy Sheriff Wornell has been to Lewiston and nabbed Frank Dunn for stealing packages from the express office in Andover on Christmas.

There have been about twenty-four hundred divorces decreed in this state during the last five years. The ratio is probably one divorce to ten marriages.

The funeral of Hon. Lot M. Morrill took place Saturday afternoon, Jan. 13th, at his late residence on Winthrop street, Augusta, and was very largely attended.

The prolonged drouth is inflicting heavy losses on Maine and New Hampshire. Our rivers are reported lower than for half a century, and losses on account of suspended operations will reach many thousands of dollars.

Councilor Swasey is chairman of two council committees, Military Affairs and Election Returns. He also has been assigned a position on four other committees.

The sale of medicinal liquors for the past year amounts to \$35,817. It is \$3,381 less than in 1881. The amount returned from the Paris agency was \$161.

"S. P. B." in the Wilton Record has expended. We hope only temporarily, as the mathematical world would sadly feel the effects of the total extinguishment of so bright a light.

A petition has been presented to the Legislature praying for better protection of the black bass in Pennebecque Lake and Hobbs's Pond in Norway.

How about the proposed history of Norway? Are we to have one? Do the people want such a history? Are they willing to appropriate money for such a purpose? Toward have an undoubted right so to do if they see fit. The Centennial will be here shortly and we ought to have a complete history of the first hundred years of our existence as a town. Who moves? Some one or no one!

## The Norway Tannery.

For many years the business of "tanner and currier" has been one of the leading industries of our village. Probably more dollars worth of upper leather has been tanned and sent out of Norway for the past twenty years than any other commodity of merchandise. The amount of capital invested in business by the Norway tannery is three or four times greater than any other industry in town. This firm heads the list on the assessors books, consequently pay the largest tax and in enterprise, home and town development it takes the first and leading position. Everything that tends to improve and make our village better is warmly supported and generously aided by the firm.

The senior member of the firm of J. L. Horne & Son has built the business up from a small beginning to its present enormous volume. It is due to the enterprise, courage and untiring energy of Mr. J. L. Horne that Norway enjoys the fame of having the largest tannery in the State, and one of the largest in New England, that works exclusively on upper leather.

John L. Horne came here from N. H. in 1832, leased the Mark P. Smith tannery, which at that time had less than fifty pits, all of which were inoperative; power was furnished by the Tucker brook. Four hands were employed besides the lessee. After being here a little over a year Mr. H. by purchase of Mr. Smith became proprietor of the tannery. From that date to the present time the history of the tannery is but the record of a continued series of enlargements, improvements, etc. Steam power was introduced in 1854. Twelve horse power engine and a two fly cylinder boiler, stack built the same year. The main tannery building on the street was added in 1859. Tubular boilers added and engine capacity increased in 1869. In 1877 the second tannery building was erected and two years later another on Weston street. Railroad was built in 1879. In 1877 H. L. Horne, son of J. L. Horne, became associated in the business. Two hundred horse power engine was set in '81 with additional boilers.

Mr. James A. Roberts of Boston became interested in the tannery in 1880, and for a number of years past his son, Geo. F. Roberts, of the same city has been interested with him in the tanning business here.

The present season two extensive additions have been made, and a paste shoe built and several labor-saving machines have been added.

The tannery that Mr. Horne stands at the head of to-day is very much different from what it was 50 years ago. At that time all the work was done by hand, now nearly every thing is done by machinery.

At that time the railroad came within a couple of miles of the tannery, but now one terminus of Horne's Branch R. R. is at the bark crushing room and the other at the "Beam House." No trucking or handling over the supplies that come in by rail. They are left where they are wanted.

The tannery of to-day occupies about four acres, with over two acres of covered pits, supply depot, store house, engine and boiler house, large stable, vats, machine shop, dry house, wood repair shop, etc. All of which is connected to the outer world by the tannery railroad or Horne's Branch as it is commonly called. Power is furnished by a two hundred horse power engine. Steam is made by four tubular boilers and everything is done on a scale of hundreds and thousands.

Every labor saving machine known to the business of the "tanner and currier" is here used. Among them we notice the improved Whitening machine, two Fitzherry steam setting or scouring machines, two blacking and pasting machines, Winter's measuring machine, three Fitzherry scorers and a dozen other machines of lesser importance.

A large amount of bark finds a market here. Some 1000 cords are furnished by different parties in this section and the balance comes in by rail. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Horne we are enabled to give the shipment of leather for November and December: 18,300 sides brogan and wax; 875 sides card; 26,361 lbs. splits.

For the month of December there were 102 boxes on the pay roll who were paid \$3675.23.

Just here we quote from David Horne's history of Norway, published some thirty years ago. He says:

"The tannery business is carried on largely in the Village by Mark P. Smith. He commenced in 1841 with fifteen pits, and has been making additions to his buildings and pits ever since, and at the present time has fifty-five pits. He takes in 400 slaughtered hides yearly, and tans at least 1700 hides and 400 calf-skins annually; he uses 200 cords of bark and \$200 worth of oil and tallow in finishing his leather."

The present tannery of 1883 has a capacity for tanning and finishing 450 sides or 225 hides per day. Seven to eight cords of bark are used to every 100 hides, besides some hemlock extract and gambusia. 1300 pounds of tallow, hard grease, degrass and oil per day are used in stuffing the leather and splitting, or 4000 cords bark per year and 300,000 pounds of grease.

Mr. Chester W. Horne has for a long time had charge of the stuffing and finishing department and stands at the head of a large corps of workmen. In the card finishing room Mr. Wm. Rounds is boss, and in the Beam Room Dr. A. J. Burnell has his say while Frank J. Dunn drives the engine and regulates the power in a manner not often excelled by engineers. Edward Ames is machinist and has charge of the machine repair work, and J. F. Crockett is the master carpenter. Mr. H. E. Marshall and Job Strick have charge of the yards.

Messrs. Horne believe in economy and nothing goes to waste in or about the tannery. The past year they have tanned a "paste shoe" in which all the scraps of leather are used. Some twenty men and women find employment here. The odds and ends and scraps of the tannery are here made into heelings, inner soles, counters and taps. These find a market in Norway, Auburn, Portland and Lynn, Mass. This department is under the charge of Mr. Geo. W. Wagg.

Mr. J. L. Horne is considerable of a farmer as well as tanner. He owns between two and three hundred acres of land. He keeps two men and a pair of horses at work on his farm. His fields show the effect of good cultivation by the unstinted use of fertilizers as he gets from his tannery. Everything in the shape of dressing from the tannery is used and his moving land always looks green and inviting.

The past season Mr. Horne raised some 250 bushels of corn, 150 bushels potatoes, 30 bushels beans and 108 bushels of as nice wheat as can be shown in Oxford county. He also filled a large barn full of hay.

Mr. Horne in company with H. M. Pearce own another farm of somewhere 300 acres. This is carried on in partnership. Some 75 tons of hay are cut and 35 head cattle, a flock of sheep and some horses are wintered on this farm.

For the Advertiser.

## The Mishaps of Uncle Bungo.

BY THE WANDERER.

Many years ago in the town of O.—, not many miles from Norway, lived a man who migrated from N. H. when the town was in its infancy. A man of giant frame and iron constitution, a great stammerer, very nervous and impulsive, a firm believer in witchcraft and all the superstitions prevalent in that day. Always bawling into some mishap, which gave him the name of Uncle Bungo.

One fine summer day these two men were working together in a bay field on the margin of a pond. Now in those good old Pod Angus times hardly any one thought of doing his yard-

raising a barn, killing a pig or having any event of importance transpire without a good supply of what was then called the one thing needful—New England Rum. Now Uncle Bungo had supplied himself with a gallon of the good stuff, while Jacob had none at all. Being very peevish, and having an old grudge against Jacob for some tricks recently played on him, Bungo positively refused to so much as even keep. But Jacob went to work keeping silence most of the forenoon, racking his brain to devise some scheme to get a part of Bungo's rum. At last he hit upon a project which he thought might have the desired effect.

While moving near a clump of bushes he discovered a monstrous snake nest, which he carefully avoided. Moving up near his companion he opened conversation in a most cheerful manner, letting it drift by degrees upon wilecraft and the power of charming animals, reptiles, birds and fish. Like, called in those days the Black Art. He portrayed in glowing colors the advantage people who possessed the secret might have over their fellow creatures.

Bungo listened with great attention, often expressing a wish that he might by some means obtain that power.

"Well," said Jacob, "I have long understood the Black Art, but I have not practiced it for many years. Now for a reasonable compensation, I can learn you in a short time so you can perform as well as the best of them."

"Well, well," said the delighted Bungo, "what shall I give ye, what shall I give ye."

"Give me a quart of rum and it is done."

The bargain was soon closed, and Jacob going to a brick yard, he had removed a piece of bark which he soon constructed a dish that would hold the required quantity, it being measured out by guess.

After taking a hearty drink, Jacob motioned his companion to follow him. Leading him to the horse's nest he addressed him in the following manner: "Now, I am going to teach you a charm which you may play on those hornets so that every one will fear the nest, fly directly upward and will never come back again."

Now to begin with your trowers are blue, your pants are white, your enemy of all righteousness and law will break the charm, so you must dispense with them. Then cut a witch hazel bush. That is why it is so called, because it has a peculiar charm. Approach the nest with a stick and brush it around, don't let a muscle quiver nor take your eye for a moment from the nest. Speak these words slowly and distinctly, articulating every letter correctly, and the sure result will be, your wand, keeping time with your words, saying, "Dis-perse-ye-wicked-hornets." Now do just as I bid you or you will break the charm and make it worse for you.

All went very well till within a few feet of the nest, when Jacob, in great anger, shut his eyes he made a pass at the hornets saying, "Sp-p-p-p-p-p-p-e-r-s-e-wicked-hornets." This so enraged the insects, as to cause them to fly forth in great fury, attacking the poor Bungo on all sides, applying their weapons to his unprotected person with merciless fury. Spitting, swearing and fighting with all his might, he beat a hasty retreat, never out of view of the performing a complete somersault, he fled for the pond and dived into the water. This only made them stick snigger, while Jacob was peeping from behind the bushes convulsed with laughter.

After expending their wrath, the poor fellow was left to find his way home as best he could. A long sick bed, followed by a long recovery, which would not look well on paper.

At last one day as Uncle Jacob was passing he called to see how his friend got on. Greeting him pleasantly he was met by an unrepentant and angry man, who, in a fit of rage, threatened and gestures, which he received with a calm smile, saying, "O dear neighbor, don't, don't. I was not in the least. Had you done as I directed all would have been well, but when you began to spit and snigger, you broke the charm, just as I told you." This seemed to satisfy the injured party, restoring peace once more. But Bungo, who had never expressed a desire to learn the Black Art, was not to be continued.

[Deferred from last week.]

## Greenwood.

Died in this town Jan. 4th, Mrs. Lydia A. Buck, wife of Cyrus M. Buck, aged 48 years. She was a lady whose loss is deeply felt, not only by her husband, but by her neighbors and acquaintances. She was of a very amiable disposition, always ready to attend to the sick and assist her neighbors in any capacity whenever occasion required. She leaves an only son. She was a member of the Grange at Bryant's Pond, of which a large number attended the funeral.

Mrs. Orlin Ring, who has been sick for the past five months, is now convalescing. She is suffering from pneumonia and has set in and the doctor has but little hope of her recovery.

Mr. Jacob Emmons, who was hooked in the eye by his cow last fall and came near losing it, had the misfortune to hit it again, some bushes. In the woods and his eye is now so bad it is before. He has not been able to do any work for most three weeks.

The sleighing is very good and the farmers are making the most of it, one word judge by the teams we are passing the post office. Seventeen teams go by every day, some loaded with cord wood for the railroad and others with poplar for pulp. I have noticed some very nice young cattle driven over the road among them. I. E. Emmons has a nice pair of three years old and a pair of two years old. John L. Roberts has four two years old, Robert Whitman has three, S. Yates one, Charles Kimball, Jr. has one, and Frank and Johnson Martin with their four years old black ones. The teams have cut a new road east of the Morgan brook, coming out by the underpass, making the road a mile nearer to West Paris.

Our school is flourishing nicely under the teachings of the Rev. Seth Benson of North Paris. It has kept five weeks and has seven more to keep.

## Andover.

Lycums are now the rage, being organized in three different districts. Mr. Malcolm Gregg was seriously injured last week, while attempting to secure a ride on a passing sled. He succeeded in securing a ride, but the sled and the horse being started suddenly, he was violently jerked, receiving injuries internally. Pneumonia set in, and his hopes of his recovery were given up for a while, but now he is slowly recovering.

# Locke's Mills.

E. E. Rand & Co. have exchanged one of their dwellings at this village, known as the Bullock stand, to D. M. Goss for his farm in the Howe hill district.

With our new station agent came the telegraph wire into the depot, and we have now what was much needed. Scott, the new arrival, has an appreciation learning the art. Charles M. Goss is his name.

We learn that our hotel is to change proprietors. G. W. Patch going out and a Mr. Hewitt of Lewiston is to run the house.

Your correspondent took a trip to Gorham, N. H. last week and found Cyrus Howe, a former resident of Oxford county, established in the new block with a large stock of furniture on hand. Cyrus has a good chance to display his goods, and one would think they were in the city. He is always glad to see his friends from Maine.

I also found another Maine young man, Barrett, the druggist from Lewiston, who just opened a store in the Gorham house block. We found here as large a stock as is usually kept in the city, and Lou ready to wait on customers.

## Canton.

The winter so far has favored our lumbermen. Large quantities of timber, wood and bark, are being hauled from the Pomplun lot in the east part of the town. R. E. Stannard, at Jay Bridge and Livermore Falls. Alpheus Packard & Sons are moving a large lot of timber, wood and bark from the Deshon lot on the west side of the river, and they are now loading at Gilbertville. Frank Stevens with four double horse teams is drawing a large quantity of wood from the Jewett lot for Lucius Packard, the same to be shipped to Lewiston.

Mr. Lucius Packard has been a large owner in our town for some years, purchasing valuable timber and wood land, having his timber manufactured at Stubbs' Mill, where he has found a remunerative market for the most of it, but occasionally shipping large lots of seasoned lumber to Lewiston.

Mr. Stubbs is the owner of a very fine black dog, which he keeps in his town, at a small village, named for the enterprising proprietor, Stubbs' Mill.

Henry Thayer, the proprietor of the Steam Mill at Canton Point, and who recently purchased the Aaron Stevens Island, (so called) has a large force of wood choppers, getting the original and immense number of trees on the same. It is one of the finest and most valuable islands in the Androscoggin River, including thirty acres. Mr. Stevens bought it in 1815, and paid \$1300 for it, and he never cut over a single tree upon it. The sum paid (\$1300) at simple interest, exceeded the amount received (\$2200) at the sale. Aaron Stevens, who died a few years since, and who owned this Island, was the wealthiest farmer in Canton at the time of his death, and left the most valuable farm in Canton to his son John (who by the way is a bachelor) and who has allowed it to be invaded by lumbermen and even wood choppers, and the original growth of pine, hemlock and hard wood now standing on their century ground, and bowing gracefully to the storm winds, attract the admiration of all observers.

Canton Steam Mill Co. has disposed of their stock of goods and lumber to Fred Childs and Frank Richardson, formerly clerks in their employ. \$7000 stock of goods; store rent \$300; store at Gilbertville.

A new weekly paper is to be published in the village by James Becknell, the proprietor of the Job Printing Press, which is to be a six column paper, devoted principally to advertising and local matters. The first number is to be issued Jan. 17th. We wish our young friend good success in this new enterprise. We also congratulate him that at the dying end of the old year he decided no longer to paddle his canoe, but to take the sure way of labor, but to save his money in the pleasant harbor of matrimony.

It is no longer "Jamin on the stormy sea," but it is Mr. and Mrs. Jamin R. Thomas Allen was buried yesterday.

Mrs. William Dunn had a paralytic stroke a few days since and is dangerously ill.

The wife of engineer Davis of the R. & B. R. R., was taken violently ill with convulsions. She died at quarter past 7, p. m.

## North Rumford.

The cold, blistering weather still continues, and the road has filled in quite badly, making it hard traveling. J. H. Hutchins and P. O. Howard have finished yarding poplar and will be ready to haul to the river.

The people are now laying in their next summer stock of ice. The school in district No. 5 finished Friday, the 12th, after a term of thirteen weeks.

The Congregationalists held their last week's session at Mr. Woodbury Elliott's, where the high school was held. The house was filled with neighbors and friends, and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

Mr. Asa Kimball, of Rumford Pl., lost quite a good horse last Thursday morning. She ate her supper as well as ever, but in the morning she appeared cold and chilly and in a little while she fell over and only breathed twice. Cause not known. Value about fifty dollars. Quite a loss.

A serious accident came very near occurring at the Point last Tuesday. A young man with gun in hand, was shot, and was trying to get a shot at a dog which had showed his teeth at several of the Point folks. Just as the dog was about to bite the man, he was shot. The man, Charles Kimball, Jr., was the man fired. The dog was shot by the man. The dog was shot by the man. The dog was shot by the man.

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Mr. Fred Leonard is moving from our village to Oxford.

Mr. Charles Haggood has bought the old Haggood mansion of his grand-mother, and is tearing it down to reconstruct in more modern form for a residence. We are all glad to see the old square house under the big elm by the hay scales, but we are glad to see it go for it was in a dilapidated condition and was encumbering the finest building lot in the village.

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# Oxford.

The Methodist Church was disfigured badly on Saturday night by some rowdies pelting it with rotten eggs. They pretend they meant it for a young man who was passing. Be that as it may, either was an uncharitable and cowardly act, and should be punished severely.

Edgar Everett has sold his interest in the blacksmith and carriage business to his partner, John Watson.

Business is lively in Oxford just now. Large quantities of oak, poplar and birch are being hauled to Clark's mill, while a like quantity of oak goes to Chapman's. Dr. Weston of Bolster's Mills is having 500 cords of wood drawn to this place from Otisfield.

Morris Clark's largest coopers shop with contents was destroyed by fire about midnight, 10th inst. Estimated loss \$450. Partially insured.

The S. S. Circle met with Mrs. R. T. Boppan, N. H. visiting. The weather was quite severe, about 75 were present.

John Robinson has obtained the Abram Dean colt. He bids fair, with a little careful training, to make a step-per.

Geo. J. Parrott was brought before Justice Edwards last week charged with an assault and battery upon W. F. Wardwell. Verdict of the people served him right. Verdict of the court \$2.50. Cheap enough said Parrott.

A singing school is in contemplation to be held at the Congregational Church of Harrison. We have known Capt. Fernald for over thirty years as a fine musician, an able and efficient teacher, also a pleasant and agreeable companion. We all heartily recommend him to all who wish to attend.

## East Otisfield.

The farmers are mostly quite busy now, hauling wood and timber to Oxford.

Dea. Albert Komp, E. P. Patch and Lenora Mitchell have all been in very poor health for a long time. We are sorry to say with little or no prospect of recovery.

A nuisance infests this neighborhood in the shape of a big black dog, making and frightening people's horses. Better take care of him, or you will lose your companion.

Win. Boycker of Casco was arrested last week for disposing of a horse on the door of the Oxford mill. He was discharged on paying all dues and cost.

## Porter.

Miss Lizzie E. Towle of Conway N. H. is a guest at E. T. Hartford's. W. F. Parsons and wife from the same place made a pleasant call last week.

Levi Reddon came near losing his farm buildings by fire Friday night. His son, Charles about 12 o'clock was awakened by a crackling noise and saw a light shining in his window. The shed joining the house was on fire. Two or three neighbors came, and though they tried to put out the fire, the blaze and the fire had caught on the roof of the house, they succeeded in saving the buildings. The fire caught from ashes. The buildings were not insured.

Wm. T. Libby is selling nice chopped dry cleat hard wood, in the woods for \$1.25 per cord.

Mr. Eben Norton was hauling bark with a span of horses, a few days since. He was standing on the roller of the sled, when the sled was suddenly thrown down, and his legs were caught in the sled. He was seriously bruised.

Carrie E. Rounds, a girl about thirteen years old, was standing near the open door of a fire-light stove, when the draft drew her dress in, and in an instant it was all ablaze. Her mother succeeded in smothering the flames and thus saved the child's life.

## South Waterford.

A very successful term of school closed last week at "Meeting Corner," Mrs. Alice R. Woodsum, teacher.

We learn that Miss Georgia Haskell of East Waterford and a little experience in teaching one afternoon this week. Her teacher being sick and retiring to her boarding house for the afternoon, called Georgia to the chair, where she presided with dignity and success.

The Grangers install their officers Thursday of this week. Oyster suppers are a good time for all members of the order.

Mr. Calvin Houghton has been indisposed for a week with severe cold, but is recovering.

We learn that Daniel Warren, son of Samuel Warren of this town, died of consumption of the lungs at Gorham, N. H. His sickness was brief and death sudden.

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# OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1883.

F. W. SANBORN, Proprietor.

TERMS: \$2.50 per year. When paid in advance. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance. Correspondence solicited on all subjects of local interest. Advertisers, Executors and Guardians desiring to publish advertising notices in the Advertiser, will please call at the office.

Advertising Rates.—One inch, one week, 3







